

THE

Brave Irishman.

Thos. Bradshaw

A

F A R C E

AS ACTED

At the THEATRE in EDINBURGH:

EDINBURGH:

Printed by J. BAILLIE and COMPANY,

[Price SIXPENCE.]

THE

BRUCE IRISHMAN.

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DRAMATIS PERSONA

H. E. M.

| | |
|--------------|-----------------------|
| Mr. Kennedy | Captain O'Brien |
| Mr. Jones | Traveller, a Merchant |
| Mr. Thompson | Captain |
| Mr. Williams | General |
| Mr. Robinson | Dr. Clifton |
| Mr. Wright | Dr. Galt |
| Mr. Evans | General |
| Mr. Brown | General |



JOHN LONDON

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

M E N.

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| Captain O'Blunder, | Mr. KENNEDY. |
| Tradewell, a Merchant, | Mr. SALMON. |
| Cheatwell, | Mr. DAVENPORT. |
| Sconce, | Mr. KEASBERRY. |
| Serjeant, | Mr. LANCASHIRE. |
| Dr. Clyster, | Mr. WRIGHT. |
| Dr. Gallypot, | Mr. STAMPER. |
| Monsieur Ragou. | Mr. HEYMAN. |

W O M E N.

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| Lucy, daughter to Tradewell, | Miss WELLS, |
| Betty, | Miss HAMILTON. |

Mob, Keepers, &c;

SCENE, LONDON.

THE
Brave Irishman.

A F A R C E.

SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter Lucy and Betty.

LUCY.

'TIS not the marriage but the man we hate,

'Tis there we reason and debate;

For, give us but the man we love,

We're sure the marriage to approve.

Well, this barbarous will of parents is a
great draw-back on the inclinations of young
people.

A

Betty.

Betty. Indeed, and so it is, Mem. For my part I'm no heiress, and therefore at my own disposal; and if I was under the restraint of the act, and kept from men, I would run to seed, so I would.—But la! Mem, I had forgot to acquaint you, I verily believes that I saw your Irish lover the Captain; and I conceits it was he, and no other, so I do; — and I saw him go into the Blue postices, so I did.

Lucy. My Irish lover, Miss Pert! I never so much as saw his face in all my born days, but I hear he's a strange animal of a brute.—Pray had he his wings on? I suppose they sav'd him his Passage.

Betty. Oh! Mem, you mistakes the Irishmen. I am told they are as gentle as doves to our sex, with as much politeness and sincerity as if born in our own country.

Enter Cheatwell.

Cheat. Miss! your most humble and obedient—I come to acquaint you of our danger: Our common enemy is just imported hither, and is enquiring for your father's house thro' every street. — The Irish Captain, in short, is come to London. Such a figure! and so attended by the rabble! —

Lucy. I long to see him; and Irishmen, I hear, are not so despicable; besides the
Cap-

Captain may be misrepresented. (*Aside.*) Well, you know my father's design is to have as many suitors as he can, in order to have a choice of them all.

Cheat. I have nothing but your Professions and sincerity to depend on. O here's my trusty Mercury.

Enter Sconce.

Well Sconce, have you dogged the Captain?

Sconce. Yes, yes. I left him snug at the Blew posts, devouring a large dish of potatoes, and half a furlon of beef, for his breakfast. He's just pat to our purpose, easily humm'd, as simple, and as undesigning as we would have him. Well, and what do you propose?

Cheat. Propose, why to drive him back to his native bogs as fast as possible.

Lucy. Oh! Mr. Cheatly — Pray let's have a sight of the creter?

Cheat. Oh! female curiosity. — Why child, he'd frighten thee; — he's above six feet high. —

Sconce. A great huge back and shoulders, — wears a great long sword, which he calls his *sweetlips*.

Lucy. I hear the Irish are naturally brave.

Sconce. And carries a large oaken cudgel, which he calls his *shillela*.

Lucy.

*Irish Land
all bog*

The Brave Irishman.

Lucy. Which he can make use of on occasions, I suppose. (*Aside.*)

Sconce. Add to this a great pair of jack-boots, a Cumberland pinch to his hat, an old red coat, and a damn'd potatoe face.

Lucy. He must be worth seeing truly.

Cheat. Well, my dear girl, be constant, with me success, for I shall so hum, so roast, and so banter this same Irish Captain, that he'll scarce wish himself in London again these seven years to come.

Lucy. About it. — Adieu. — I hear my my Father. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter Captain O'Blunder, and Serjeant.

CAPTAIN.

THOU I will be dying,
For Captain Obrion,

In the county of Kerry,

Tho' I would be sad,
I'll be very glad,

That you will be merry.

Upon my shoul, this London is a pretty
sort of a plash enough. And so you tells

me

me Cherjeant, that Terence M'Gloodtery keeps a goon.—

Serj. Yes, Sir,

Capt. Monomundioul! but when I go back to Ireland, if I catches any of these spalpeen brats keeping a goon, to destroy the shentleman's creation, but I will have 'em shot stone dead first, and phipt throw the regiment afterwards.

Serj. You mean that they shall be whipped first, and then shot.

Capt. Well, isn't it the same thing? Phat the Devil magnifies that? 'Tis but phipping and shooting all the time; 'tis the same thing in the end sure, after all your cunning;—but still you'll be a Wiseacre. — Monomundioul, there isn't one of these spalpeens that has a cabbin upon a mountain, with a bit of a potatoe garden at the back of it, but will be keeping a goon: But that damn'd M'Gloodtery is an old pocker, he shoots all the rabbits in the country to stock his own burrough with.—But Cherjeant, don't you think he'll have a fine time on't that comes after me to Ballyshans Duff.

Serj. Why Sir?

Capt. Why, don't you remember that I left an empty hogthead half full of oats there?

Serj.

Serj. You mean, Sir, that you left it half full, and it is empty by this time.

Capt. Phat magnifies that, you fool? 'tis all the same thing, sure. But d'ye hear, Cherjeant, stop and enquire for Mr. Tradewell's the merchant, — at the sign of the —
Invignifical fellow Oh! cangrane, that's not it, but it was next door. — Arrah, go ask phat sign my cousin Tradewell lives at next door to it?

Enter A mob, who stare and laugh at him.

1st Mob. Twig his boots.

2d Mob. Smoke his sword, &c. &c.

Capt. Well, you scoundrels, you sons of whores, did you never see an Irish Shentleman before?

Enter Sconce.

Sconce. O fy, gentlemen! are you not ashamed to mock a stranger after this rude manner?

Capt. This is a shivil short of a little fellow enough. (*Aside.*)

Sconce. If he is an Irishman, you may see by his dress and behaviour that he is a gentleman.

Capt. Yesh, you shons of whores, don't you see by my dress that I am a shentleman? And if I have not better clothes on now, phat magnifies that? sure I can have them on to-morrow. By my shoul, if I take

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take my shillela to you, I'll make you skip like dead a salmon.

*a stiff
mad
Irish dog*

Sconce. Oh for shame, gentlemen, go about your business; the first man that offers an insult to him, I shall take it as an affront to myself.

(Mob exeunt.)

Capt. *(To Sconce.)* Shir, your humble sharvant, you seem to be a shivil mannerly kind of a shentleman, and I shall be glad to be gratified with your nearer acquaintance.

(Salute.)

Sconce. Pray, Sir, what part of England are you from?

Capt. The devil a part of England am I from, my dear, I am an Irishman.

Sconce. An Irishman! Sir, I should not suspect that, you have not the least bit of the brogue about you.

*what the
common
people wear
for shoes*

Capt. Brogue! no, my dear, I always wear shoes, only now and then when I have boots on.

Enter Cheatwell.

Cheat. Captain O'Blunder! Sir, you're extremely welcome to London:—Sir, I'm your most sincere friend, and devoted humble servant.—

Capt. Ara then! how well every body knows me in London; --- to be sure they have read of my name i'n the news-papers, and they know my faash ever since.— Shir

I'm

I'm your most ingaging conversation.
(*Salute.*)

Cheat. And Captain, tell us how long are you arrived?

Capt. Upon my shoul I'm just now come into London.

Cheat. I hope you had a good passage;

Capt. Passage de'ye call it? Devil split it for a passage. By my shoul, my own bones are shore after it, — We were on

the Devil's own turnpike for eight and forty hours; to be sure we were all in a

comical pickle. — I'll tell you my dear, we was brought down from Rings-end in the

little young ship to the pool-pheg, and then into the great ship, — the horse; — ay,

— ay, — the race horse they call'd it, but I believe my dear, it was the Devil's own

post horse; for I was no sooner got into the little room down stairs, by the corner of

the hill of Hoath, but I was taken with such a head-ach in my stomach, that I

thought my guts would come out upon the floor; so my dear, I call'd out to the land-

lord, the Captain they call him, to stop the ship, while I did die, and say my prayers;

so my dear there was a great noise above, I run up to see what was the matter; —

Oh hone! my dear, in one minute's time there wasn't a sheet or blanket, but phat

was haul'd up to the top of the house: — Oh! kingraun, says I, turn her about and

a word made use of
in talking to anyone you do not like
signifies mean or insignificant

*the sea
the place
where
the sea
was
passage*

*the
ship
the
large
ship
the*

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let us go home again; but my dear he took no more notice of me, than if I was one of the spalpeens below in the cellar going over to reap the harvest.

Cheat. No Captain! — the unmannerly fellow: And what brought you to London Captain?

Capt. Fait my dear jewel, the stage coach; I sail'd in it from Chester.

Cheat. I mean what business?

Capt. How damn'd inquisitive they are here! but I'll be as cunning as no man alive. (*Aside.*) By my shoul my jewel I am going over to Wirginny to beat the French, — they say they have driven our countrymen out of their plantations: By my shoul, my jewel, if our troops get vonse among them, we'll cut them all in pieces, and then bring them over prisoners of war besides.

Cheat. Indeed, Captain, you are come upon a honourable expedition — but pray, how is the old gentleman your Father, I hope you left him in good health;

Capt. Oh! by my shoul, he's very well; joy; for he's dead and buried these ten years.

Cheat. And the old gentleman your Uncle?

B

Capt.

poor people
go to England
in the summer
to work

Capt. I don't believe you mean that Uncle, for I never had one.

Cheat. No! I'm sure —

Capt. O I'll tell who you mean; you mean my Chister's husband, you fool you, that's my brother-in-law. —

Cheat. Ay a handsome — man — as proper a man —

Capt. Ha, ha, a handsome man; ay, for he's a damn'd crooked fellow; he's bandy shoulde'd, and has a hump on his nose, and a pair of huckle backs upon his shins, if you call that handsome, ha, ha.

Cheat. And pray is that merry joking gentleman alive still — he that us'd to make us laugh so, — Mr. — Mr. — A. —

Capt. Phugh, I'll tell you who you mean, you mean Sheela Shagnassy's husband the parson.

Cheat. The very same.

Capt. Oh! my dear jewel, he's as merry as he never was in his life, tho' he's not very wise, phin I'm by, he's sometimes pretty smart upon me with his bumbuggs — But I told him, at last, before Captain Flaharty, Miss Mulfinin, and Miss Owney Glasmogonogh, — Hark ye Mr. Parson, says I, by my shoul you have no more wit than a goose. Oh! hone, he was struck at that, my

*an Irish name
for a woman*

when

my dear, and had'nt a word in his cheek, Ara, my jewel, I'll tell you the whole story, we took a walk together, it was a fine calm morning, considering the wind was very high, so my dear, the wind 'twas in our backs going, but by my shoul as we came back, 'twas in our faash coming home, and yet I could never persuade him that the wind was turn'd. —

Cheat. Oh! the fool.

Capt. Ara, so I told him, my jewel, pugh! you great oaf, says I, — if the wind blows in your back going, and blows in your faash coming, sure the wind is turn'd — No if I was to preach, and to preach till last Patrick's day in the morning, I could not dissuade him that the wind was turn'd.

Cheat. He had not common sense. — Well and does the old church stand where it did?

Capt. The old church — the devil a church I remember within ten miles of us —

Cheat. I'm sure there was an old building like a church, or castle. —

Capt. Phoo, my jewel, I know what you call a church; — by my shoul 'tis old lame Will Hurly's mill you mean — the devil a church. — Indeed they say ma's in it sometimes. Here Terence, go to that son of a whore of a taylor, and see whither

my

fool —
the 7 of months
proper for the
-rich the T. of
the land —

the name for
the popish
whiff

my clothes be done or no. (*Exit Terence,*

Cheat. Sure I should know that serjeant of your's, his name is —

Capt. Wifecare, my Dear! he's the best recruiting serjeant in all Ireland; and my dear, he understands riding as well as no man alive; he was manured to it from his cradle; I brought him over to see if I could get no preferment for him at all; If I could get him now to be riding-master to a regiment of marines, he would be very well; for I gave him a word of advice myself. Hark ye, Terence, says I, —

Cheat. Terence!

Capt. Ay, that's his name, — Hark ye, Terence, says I, you have a long time lain under the computation of being a Papist, and if ever you come into the field of battle, it will be incumbered upon you, to stigmatize yourself like a gentleman: And I warrant, let him alone, I'll warrant he plays his part, if once they come to dry blows.

Enter Sconce with Monsieur Ragou, (*Talk apart.*)

Sconce. Consider Monsieur, he's your rival, and is come purely and with an intent to rob you of your mistress,

Monf. Is he! le fripon -- le grand fripon! parblien, me no indure dat! -- licy l'epce --

my

a blockhead that
would seem
wise
a blunderer for
trained

vat you call, -- my sword --- est bien assure
--- me no suffer dat.

Sconce. And he's the greatest of all
cowards; -- tho' he carries that great swag-
gering broad-sword -- believe me Monsieur,
he would not fight a cat --- he'd run away
if you drew upon him.

Monf. Etez vous bien assure, are you
well assur'd, mon ami, dat he be de grand
coward, --- eh bien --- vel ten -- I vill have
his blood -- my heart go pit-a-pat -- (*Aside*)
Je n'ay pas le courage; I have not de good
courage.

(*Sconce.* Tut man, only affront him -- go
up to him.

Monf. Me fall shew him de bon ad-
dres. --- Helas -- (*Goes up to the Captain*)
Monsieur le Capitaine, vous e'tes le grand
fripon. ---

Capt. Well, gelun a gud, have you any
Irish?

Monf. Ireland! me be no such outlan-
dish contre; you smell of de potatoe. ---

Capt. Do I? --- by my shoul I did not
taasht a pratty since I left Ireland: May be
he has a mind to put the front upon me.

(*To Cheatwell.*)

Cheat. It looks like it; very like it, Cap-
tain.

Capt. Fait, my jewel, I don't know
a more peaceable companion than sweet-

lips

*notypille
aville
maurice
that's the
inglish of
it just a*

his sword

lips here; (*putting his Hand to his Sword.*)
but if he's provock'd, he's no flouch at it;
--do you mean to front me, you French
Boogre?--ch--

Monf. Affront--you he de Teague, de
vile Irishman--de potato face--me no think
it vort my while to notice you,--allez vous en
--get you gone, Sir,--go about your busi-
ness, --- go to your own hotontot contre.

Capt. Hot and trot! Oh ho! are you
there? Take that you French son of a
whore. (*Gives him a box in the ear.*)
Here, my dear, take my shillela. (*Gives
his cudgel to Cheatwell.*)

Sconce. Draw, for he won't fight. (*Aside
to the Frenchman.*)

Monf. He be de terrible countenance,--
he be fort enrage, devilish angry: Ala,
Monsieur, me demand satisfaction. (*Draws*

Capt. Come on, you soup maigre;
(*They fight, Monsieur falls.*) After that
you are easy;--- who! smells of pratties
now, you refugee son of a whore?--affront
an Irish shentleman! Ah, long life to my
little sweetlips, it never miss'd fire yet.

Sconce. The man is dead.

Capt. Is he!--phat magnifies that!--I
killed him in the fair duelling way.

Cheat. But, Captain, 'tis death by the
law to duel in England; and this is not a
safe

safe place for you:-- I'm heartily sorry for this accident.

Capt. Ara, my jewel, they don't mind it in Ireland one trawneen. *it is generally understood in Ireland*

Cheerily Come, Captain, safe's the word-- the street will be soon alarmed,-- you can come to my house till the danger's over, and I will get you bail.

Capt. By my shoul, I believe 'tis the best way, for fear of the boners. So farewell, Mr. Shatisfacts. *the Constable*

(Exeunt Cheatly and Captain.)

Sconce. Are you dead, Monsieur?

Monf. Ay, quite dead, quite run thro' de body, Begar, dead as a doot-nail.

Sconce. Why, you have no wound, you are not hurt.

Monf. Am I not hurt, do you say?-- Begar I am glad he be gone; parbleu, il avoit de long rapier--he be de terrible Irishman; 'tis vell me fall in time, or he make me fall so dat me never resusciter, never get up again. Get you into my scabbard, and if ever I draw you again, may de horsepond be my portion; may I be drown'd in soup maigre. Come, Monsieur, come along Sir.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE

SCENE III. A Mad-house.

Enter Captain and Cheatly.

CHEATLY.

This is my house; I'll go and get proper things for your accommodation; but you had best give me your sword, for fear of suspicion. (*Takes his sword and cudgel.*) (*Exit.*)

Capt. Ay, and take shillela too for fear of suspicion.

(*Sings*) *Of all the fish in the sea,*

Herring is king,

Huggermenany, &c.

(*Looks about.*) Fair my cousin's house is a brave large place; -- 'tis so big as a little town in Ireland, -- tho' it is not so very well-furnished; -- but I suppose the maid was cleaning out the rooms; -- so -- who are these now? -- some acquaintances of my cousin's, I suppose.

Enter Dr. Clyster and Dr. Gallypot.

(*Both salute the Captain.*)

Capt. Shentlemens, being my friend's friend, I am your most humble servant; -- but where's my cousin?

Clyst. His cousin! what does he mean?

Gall. What should a mad man mean? he's very far gone.

Capt. No, my dear, he's only gone to see whether the fellow be dead that I kilt just now.

Gally.

Gally. Sir, we come to treat you in a regular manner.

Capt. O dear shentlemen, 'tis too much trouble; — you need not be over regular, a single joint of meat, and a good glass of ale will be very good treat, without any needless expence.

Glyst. Do you mind that symptom, — the canine appetite?

Capt. Nine appetites, — no my jewel; I have an appetite like other people, a couple of pounds will serve me, if I was ever so hungry; — phat the Devil do you talk of nine appetites, do they think I'm a cat, that have as many stomachs as lives. *(Aside.)*

Gally. He looks a little wild brother.

Capt. Phat, are you brothers?

Both. Pray Sir be seated, we shall examine methodically into your case.

They sit — the Captain in the middle, — they feel his pulse, — he stares at them.

Capt. Phat the Devil do you mean by taking me by the wrists? May be 'tis the fashion of compliment in London.

Gally. First Brother let us examine the symptoms.

Capt. By my Jhoul, the fellows are fools.

Glyst. Pray Sir, how do you rest?

C

Capt.

Capt. In a good feather-bed, my jewel, ---and sometimes I take a nap in an arm-chair.

Chst. But do you sleep sound?

Capt. Faith, my dear, I snore all night, and when I awake in the morning I find myself fast asleep.

Gally. The Cerebrum or Cerebellum is affected.

Capt. The devil a Sir Abram or Bell either I mind.

Gally. How do you eat?

Capt. With my mouth, -- how the Devil should I eat, d'ye think?

Chst. Pray, Sir, have you a good stomach? d'ye eat heartily?

Capt. Oh! my dear, I am no slouch at that, tho' a clumsy beef-stake, or the leg and arm of a Turkey, with a griskin under the oxter, would serve my turn.

Gally. Do you generally drink much?

Capt. Oh! my jewel, a couple of quarts of ale and porter would not choke me; but phat the devil magnifies so many questions about eating, and drinking -- if you have a mind to order any thing, do it as soon as you can, for I am almost famish'd.

Chst. I am for treating him regularly, methodically, and *secundum artem*.

Capt.

Capt. Secundum partem -- I don't see any sign of treating at all. Ara, my jewels, send for a clumsy beef stake, and don't trouble yourselves about my stomach.

Clyst. I shall give you my opinion concerning this case, — brother, Galen says,

Capt. Well Galen agud?

Clyst. I say that Galen is of opinion, that in all adust complexions,

Capt. Well, and who the devil has a dusty complexion?

Clyst. A little patience sir.

Capt. I think I have a great deal of patience, that People can't eat a morsel without so many impertinent questions.

Clyst. *Qui habet vultum adustum, Habet caninum gustum.*

Capt. I'm sure 'tis a damn'd ugly custom to keep a man fasting so long after pretending to treat him.

Gally. Ay brother, but Hippocrates differs from Galen in this case.

Capt. Well, but my jewels, let there be no difference nor falling out between brothers about me, for a small matter will serve my turn.

Clyst. Sir, you break the thread of our discourse; I was observing that in gloomy opaque habits the rigidity of the solids, causes a continual friction in the fluids, which

which by being constantly impeded, grow thick and glutinous, by which means they cannot enter the capillary vessels, nor the other finer ramifications of the nerves.

Gally. Then brother, from your position, it will be deducible, that the *primæ viæ* are first to be clear'd, which must be effected by frequent emetics,

Clyst. Sudorifics.

Gally. Cathartics.

Clyst. Pneumatics.

Gally. Restoratives.

Clyst. Corrosives.

Gally. Narcotics.

Clyst. Cephalics.

Gally. Pectorals.

Clyst. Styptics.

Gally. Specifics.

Clyst. Caustics.

Capt. I suppose these are some of the dishes they are to treat me with; how naturally they answer one another, like the parish minister and the clerk. — By my shoul jewels, this gibberish will never fill a man's belly.

Clyst. And thus to speak summation, and articulation, or categorically, to recapitulate the several remedies in the aggregate, the emeticks will clear the first passages, and restore the viscera to their pristine tone,

tone, and regulate their peristaltick or vermicular motion; so that from the oesophagus to the rectum, I am for potent emetics,

Gally. And next for sudorifics, as they open the pores, or rather the porous continuity of the cutaneous dermis and epidermis, thence to convey the noxious and melancholy humours of the blood.

Clyst. With cathartics to purge him.

Gally. Pneumatics to scourge him.

Clyst. Narcotics to doze him.

Gally. Cephalics to pose him.

Capt. The Devil of so many dishes I ever heard of in my life; why, my jewels, there's no need for all this cookery; --- upon my shoul this is to be a grand entertainment. — Well they'll have their own way.

Clyst. Suppose we use phlebotomy, and take from him thirty ounces of blood.

Capt. Flea my bottom, d'ye say?

Gally. Or brother suppose we use a clyster.

Capt. Upon my shoul I find now how it is; I was invited here to a feast, but it is like to be the backward way.

Gally. His eyes begin to roll,—call the keepers.

Doctors call, and enter keepers with chains.

Capt.

*his sword
a cudgel*
Capt. Flea my bottom, -- Oh! my an-
 dreferara and shillela, I want you now, --
 but here's a chair; -- flea my bottom, --
 ye sons of whores, --- ye gibberish scoun-
 drels, --
*(Takes up a chair, knocks one of the keep-
 ers down, doctors run off.)*
Capt. Oh! this son of a whore of a cou-
 sin of mine, to bring me to these thieves to
 flea my bottom, if I meet him, I'll flea his
 bottom. *(Exit.)*

SCENE IV. A Street.

Enter Serjeant.

SERJEANT.

I Have been seeking my master every
 where, and cannot find him; I hope
 nothing has happened to him: -- I think
 that was one of the gentlemen I saw with
 him.

Enter Sconce.

Serj. Sir, Sir, pray did you see the Cap-
 tain, my master? Captain O'Blunder, the
 Irish gentleman.

Sconce. Not I indeed, my friend; -- I
 left him last with Mr. Cheatwell, -- I sup-
 pose

pose they are taking a bottle together;

Oh! no! here's the Captain!

Enter the Captain running.

Capt. Oh! my dear friend, I had like to

be lost, I to be ruin'd by that scoundrel

my cousin; I ran away with my life from

the thieves; but take care there is no doc-

tor or clyster-pipes, nor divel-dums, va-

mong ye.

Sconce. Why, what's the matter?

Capt. That's the thing, my dear;

you know you left me at my cousin's

house. — Well I walk'd about for some

time, to be sure I thought it an odd sort

of a house, when I saw no furniture;

there I expected my cousin every moment;

and my dear jewel, there came in two bird-

lime sons of whores, with great wigs, —

they look'd like conjurers and fortune-tel-

lers; — so my dear one shits down on

this side of me, and t'other shits down on

this side of me, and I being the turd person,

they made me shit down in the middle; —

so one takes hold of one of my wrists, and

the other catches hold of my other wrist, I

thought by way of compliment; then they

fell a chattering gibberish, like a couple of

old baboons, and all this discourse was con-

chearning me; they talk'd at first of treat-

ing me, and ask'd me if I had a good sto-

mach.

mach. — One of them said I had nine appetites, but at length, my jewels, what should come of the treat, but they agreed before my faash to flea my bottom. — Oh! — if I tell you a word of a lie, I'm not here — my dear, they call'd in the keepers to tie me — I up with the chair, for I had given my shillela and my andrefarara to my cousin — I knock'd one of them down on his nose, and runs out, and they after, crying out to the people in the street, stop the madman, stop the madman. Oh! hone, my jewel, the people took no notice of them, but ran away from me, as if the devil had been in the inside of them, and so I made my escape, and here I am, my dear, and am very glad I have found you my dear friend. —

Seance. I am sorry to see that your cousin has behaved so rudely towards you, but a ny thing that lies in my power, —

Capt. — Oh! Sir you are a very worthy gentleman, but Chargeant I must go to see my cousin Tradewel the merchant, and his fair daughter. — Has the taylor brought home my clothes? —

Serj. Yes, sir, and the old gentleman expects you immediately; he sent a man in livery for you. —

Capt. Come my good friend, I won't part with you, — I'll step to my lodgings and

*Irish for
Backside*

and slip on my clothes; — that I may pay my due regards to my mistress. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V. *A Mad-house.*

Enter Cheatwell, Clyster and Gallypot.

Cheat. I Am sorry for this accident.

Clyst. In troth Mr. Cheatwell, he was the most furious madman that I ever met with, during the whole course of my practice.

Gally. I am now surpris'd how he sat so long quiet.

Cheat He'll run riot about the streets; but I hope he'll be taken. — Oh! here's Sconce.

Enter Sconce.

Well, what news of the captain?

Sconce. I just ran to let you know of his motions; he is preparing to dress, in order to pay a visit to Miss Lucy, and to pay his respects to Tradewell — but I have worse news for you, 'tis whisper'd upon Change, that Tradewell is broke.

Cheat. If it should fall out so, I shall easily resign my pretensions to the Captain. 'Twas Lucy's purse, and not her beauty that I courted.

D

Sconce.

Sconce. I must run back to the Captain, and keep in with him, to serve a turn ; do you at a distance watch us, and proceed accordingly. *(Exit.*

Cheat. Well gentlemen, I shall take care to acknowledge your trouble, the first time I see you again ; so adieu. *(Exit.*

[*Doctors Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The Captain's Lodgings.*

Enter Captain and Serjeant.

CAPTAIN.

ARA, but who do you think I met yesterday full but in the street, but Teady Shaghnaassy!

Serj. Well, and how is he?

Capt. Ara, staay, and I'll tell you ; he wash at 'toder side of the way, and phen I came up, it was not him. But tell me, dosh my new regimentals become me?

Serj. Yess, indeed, Sir, I think they do.

Capt. This pocket is so high, I must be forced to stoop for my snuff box.

Enter Sconce.

Sconce. Ha! upon my word Captain, you look as spruce as a young bridegroom.

Capt.

Capt. All in good time; and doth it
shit easy?

Sconce. Easy Sir! it fits you like a shirt.

Capt. I tink 'tis a little too wide here in
the sleeve; I'm afraid the fellow hasn't left
cloth enough to take it in; tho' I can't blame
him neither, for fait I was not by when
he took measure of me, Serjeant, here,
take this sixpence-halfpenny, and buy
me a pair of phite gloves.

*British Sixpence
in 64 in the lane*

Serj. Sir, I have been all about the
town, and can't get a pair under two shil-
lings.

Capt. Two tirtens?

*an English shirt
called a tirten
because it is 12*

Serj. Two tirtens, Sir,

Capt. Two tirtens for a pair of gloves!
monomundioul; but my hands shall
go bare-foot all the days of their lives
before I'll give two tirtens for a pair of
gloves—Come, come along, I'll go without
'em, my mistress will excuse it. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII. *Tradewell's House.*

Enter Tradewell and Lucy.

TRADEWELL,

WELL, daughter, I have been exa-
mining into the circumstances of
Cheat-

Cheatwell, and find he is not worth sixpence ; and as for your French lover, he is some runaway dancing-master, or hair-cutter from Paris ; so that really amongst them all, I cannot find any one comes up to your Irish lover, either for birth, fortune, or character.

Lucy. Sir, you're the best judge in disposing of me ; and indeed I have no real tender for any one of them ; — as to the Irish Captain, I have not seen him yet.

Tra. You'll see him presently ; I sent to his lodgings, and expect him every moment. — Oh ! here comes monsieur.

Enter Monsieur Ragou.

Tra. Well Monsieur, I have been trying my daughter's affections in regard to you, and as she is willing to be guided by me in this affair, I would willingly know by what visible means you intend to maintain her like a gentlewoman.

Mons. Me have de grand acquaintance with the beau monde ; and, si vous plaira, if you sal please, Sir, to do me de honor of making me your son-in-law, me vill transact your negotiations vid all possible care et belle air.

Enter Captain and Betty.

Tra. You are welcome, Sir, to my house, — this is my daughter — this, child, is
Cap-

Captain O'Blunder, whom I hope you will receive as he deserves.

Capt. Fairest of creatures, will you gratify me with a taste of your sweet delicate lips? (*Kisses her*) By my shoul a neat creature, and a good bagooragh girl; she's as fair as an image in Leislip, Egypt I mean--phat's here! the little fellow that I kilt just now! 'pon my shoul I have a praty ready for him now.

Monf. Oh! p'diable-- he 'spy me now-- me better go off vile I am vell.

Capt. (*Goes up to Monsieur.*) I tought Monsieur Ragou that you were ded: Do I smell of the praty now, you soup maigre son of a French boogre?

Tra. The captain has a mind to be merry with the Frenchman.

Capt. By my shoul, my jewel, I have got a praty for you now; here eat it.--Eat this.

Monf. Oh! pardonez moy, pardon Sir, I cannot, by gar.

Capt. Och ho! come out then my little sweetlips. (*Draws*) Eat that praty this minute, or I'll run my sword up through your leg; and through your arms, and spit you up, and roast you like a goose, you tawny faced son of a whore; sure 'tis better nor your garlick or Ingyons in France. (*French-*

man eats it.)

Enter

clean

Onions

Enter a Servant to Tradewell.

Serv. Oh! Sir, — there are certain accounts come, that — but these letters will better inform you. — *(Exit.*

Tra. *(Reads)* O Captain, I am ruin'd, undone, — broke —

Capt. Broke! what have you broke?

Tra. Oh! Sir, my fortune's broke — I am not a penny above a beggar.

Monf. Oh! den me be off de amour — me have no dealings with beggars; me have too many of de beggar in my own contre; so me better slip away in good time; votre serviteur, --servant, Sir. *(Exit.*

Capt. March, march, you son of a whore: Arah, get out —

Tra. Now, Captain, you see I have not conceal'd my misfortune from you, so you are at liberty to choose a happier wife, for my poor child is miserable.

Capt. I thought your ribs was broke, I am no surgeon; but if 'tis only a little money that broke you, give me this Lady's lilly white hand, and I'll take her stark naked, without a penny of money in her pocket, but the clothes upon her back — and as far as a good estate in land and stock will go, I'll share it with her, — and with yourself. — Ara, never mind the thieves, my jewel, — I'll break their necks, before they shall break your little finger. Come I'll give you a song of my own composition.

SONG.

S O N G.

W Herever I'm going, and all the day long,
Abroad and at home, or alone in a throng,
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my song.
Ballynamony, ho ro, &c.

2.

Since the first time I saw you, I take no repose,
I sleep all the day, to forget half my woes;
So strong is the flame in my bosom that glows,
By Saint Patrick I fear it will burn through my clothes.
Ballynamony, ho ro, &c.

3.

By my shoul I'm afraid, I shall die in my grave,
Unless you'll comply, and poor Phelim will save;
Than grant the petition your lover doth crave,
Who never was free, till you made him your slave.
Ballynamony, ho ro, &c.

4.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll str ut and I'll stride!
In a coach, and six horses, with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.
Ballynamony, ho ro, &c.

Enter Cheatwell.

Cheat. Gentlemen, I beg pardon for this intrusion.

Capt. He! phats here! my friendly cousin, that bid the old conjurers flae my bottom.

Cheat. Sir I beg your pardon in particular, and hope you'll grant me it. Nothing but necessity was the cause of my ungentle behaviour — this lady I had an esteem for, but since things have turn'd out as they have, my pretensions are without foundation;

dation; therefore Captain, I hope you'll look upon me in the light of an unfortunate, rather than a bad man.

Capt. Fait, my dear cousin, since love is the cause of your mourning, I shall forgive you with all my heart. (*Shakes hands.*)

Cheat. Sir, I shall always esteem your friendship as an honour, and hope you'll look on me as a poor unfortunate young fellow, that has not a shilling, nor the means of getting one, upon the face of the earth.

Capt. Oh! upon my shoul, then cousin Cheatwel, I pity your condition with all my heart, and since things are so bad with you, if you'll take a with me trip to my Irish plantation along with my dear crature here, I'll give you 500 /. to stock a farm upon my own estate at Ballymascushlane in the county of Monaghan, and the barony of Coogafighy — Fait, and here's Betty a tight little girl, and since, you could not get the mistress, if you'll take up with the maid, my dear here shall give her a couple of hundreds to fortune her off. 4 AP 54

Betty. Captain, I'm very much oblig'd to you for getting me a husband; if Mr. Cheatwell has any tenders for me, I have a thousand pound left me as a legacy, which is at his service.

Capt. Oh Chrest and shant Patrick! a sharvant

